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DIVINE HYMNS

UPON THE

Nativity, Paſſion, Reſurrection, and Aſcenſion, of our Lord and Saviour JESUS CHRIST, *&c.*

WRITTEN

By the late Reverend and Learned

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At the Requeſt of a Perſon of Quality.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

DIVINE HYMNS.

AN HYMN
Upon the *Nativity* of *CHRIST*.

THE Holy Son of God moſt High, The Hiſto-
For love of *Adam's* lapſed Race, rical Narrati-
Quit the Sweet Pleaſures of the on.
To bring us to that happy Place. (Sky,

His Robes of Light he laid aſide,
Which did his Majeſty adorn,
And the frail ſtate of Mortals try'd,
In Humane Fleſh and Figure born.

Down from above this Day-Star ſlid,
Himſelf in living Earth t' entomb,
And all his Heav'nly Glory hid
In a pure lowly Virgin's Womb.

Whole Quires of Angels loudly ſing
The Myſtery of his Sacred Birth,
And the Bleſt News to Shepherds bring,
Filling their watchful Souls with Mirth.

The Son of God thus Man became, The Appli-
That Men the Sons of God might be, cation to the

Improvement of Life.

And by their ſecond Birth regain
A likeneſs to his Deity.

Lord, give us *humble* and *pure* Minds,
And fill us with thy Heav'nly Love,
That *Chriſt* thus in our Hearts enſhrin'd
We all may be born from above.

And being thus Regenerate,
Into a Life and Senſe Divine,
We all Ungodlineſs may hate,
And to thy living Word encline.

That nouriſh'd by that Heav'nly Food,
To manly Stature we may grow,
And ſtedfaſtly purſue what's good,
That all our High Deſcent may kno

Grant we, thy Seed, may never yield
Our Souls to ſoil with any Blot,
But ſtill ſtand Conquerors in the field,
To ſhew his Power who us begot.

That after this our Warfare's done,
And Travails of a toilſome Stage,
We may in Heav'n, with *Chriſt* thy So
Enjoy our promis'd Heritage. *An*

AN HYMN
Upon the Paſſion *of CHRIST.*

The Hiſtorical Narration

THE faithful Shepherd from on
Came down to ſeek his ſtrayed Sh
Which in this Earthly Dale did lie,
Of Grief and Death the Region deep.

Thoſe Glories and thoſe Joys above
'Twas much to quit for Sinners ſake:
But yet behold far greater Love,
Such Pains and Toils to undertake.

An abject Life, which all deſpiſe,
The Lord of Glory underwent,
And with the Wicked's worldly guize
His righteous Soul for Grief was rent.
His Innocence Contempt attends,
His Wiſdom and his Wonders great;
Envy on theſe her Poiſon ſpends,
And Pharaſaick Rage their Threats.

At laſt their Malice boil'd ſo high
As Witneſſes falſe to ſuborn,
The Lord of Life to cauſe to die,
His Body firſt with Scourges torn.
With royal Robes in ſcorn th' him dight,
And with a wreath of Thorns him crown:
A Scepter-Reed, in farther ſpight,
They add unto his Purple Gown.

Then ſcoffingly they bend the Knee,
And ſpit upon his Sacred Face;
And after hang him on a Tree
Betwixt two Thieves, for more Diſgrace.
With Nails they pierc'd his Hands and Feet,
The Blood thence trickled to the ground:
The Pangs of Death his Countenance ſweet
And lovely Eyes with Night confound.

Thus laden with our weight of Sin,
This ſpotleſs Lamb himſelf bemoans,
And while for us he Life doth win, (Groans.
Quits his own Breath with deep-fetch'd

Affrighted Nature ſhrinketh back,
To ſee ſo direful diſmal ſight; (crack,
The Earth doth quake, the Mountains
Th' abaſhed Sun withdraws his Light.

The Application to the Improvement of Life.

Then can we, Men, ſo ſenſeleſs be,
As not to melt in flowing Tears,
Who Cauſe were of his Agony,
Who ſuffer'd thus to ceaſe our Fears:
To reconcile us to our God
By this his precious Sacrifice,
And ſhield us from his wrathful Rod,
Wherewith he Sinners doth chaſtiſe?

O wicked Sin to be abhorr'd,
That God's own Son thus forc'd to die!
O Love profound to be ador'd;
That found ſo potent Remedy!
O Love more Strong than Pain and Death,
To be repaid by nought but Love,
Whereby we vow our Life and Breath
Entire to ſerve our God above!

For who for ſhame durſt now complain
Of dolorous dying unto Sin,
While he recounts the hideous Pain
His Saviour felt our Souls to win?
Or who can harbour Anger fell,
Envy, revengeful Spight or Hate,
If he but once conſider well
Our Saviour lov'd at ſuch a rate?

Wherefore, Lord, ſince thy Son moſt juſt
His natural Life for us did ſpill;
Grant we our *ſinful* Lives and Luſts
May Sacrifice unto his Will.

Tha

That to our ſelves we being dead,
Henceforth to Him may wholly live,
Who us to free from danger dread
Himſelf a Sacrifice did give.

Grant that the ſenſe of ſo great Love
Our Souls to him may firmly tie,
And forcibly us all may move
To live in mutual Amity.
That no pretence to Hate or Strife
May riſe from any Injury,
Since thy dear Son, the Lord of Life,
For love of us (when Foes) did die.

AN HYMN

Upon the Reſurrection *of CHRIST.*

WHo's this we ſee from *Edom come*, The Hiſtorical Narration.
With *bloody Robes* from *Boſrah* Town?
He whom falſe *Jews* to death did doom,
And Heav'n's fierce Anger had caſt down.

His righteous Soul alone was fain
The Wine-preſs of God's Wrath to tread, *Iſai.* 63. 3.
And all his Garments to diſtain,
And ſprinkled Cloaths to die blood-red.

'Gainſt Hell and Death he ſtoutly fought,
Who Captive held him for three Days:
But ſtraight he his own Freedom wrought,
And from the dead himſelf did raiſe.

The brazen Gates of Death he brake,
Triumphing over Sin and Hell,

And made th' Infernal Kingdoms quake,
With all that in thoſe ſhades do dwell.

His Murthered Body he reſum'd,
Maugre the Grave's cloſe graſp and ſtrife,
And all theſe Regions thence perfum'd
With the Sweet hopes of laſting Life.

The Application to the Improvement of Life.

O mighty Son of God moſt High,
That conquered ſt thus Hell, Death, and Sin,
Give us a glorious Victory
Over our deadly Sins to win.

* Ὁ χοϊκὸς Ἐδὰμ, *Phil. Jud.* Fleſh and Bloud in the moral ſenſe.

Go on and * *Edom* ſtill ſubdue,
And quite cut off his wicked Race;
And raiſe in us thine Image true,
Which ſinful * *Edom* doth deface.

* The old *Adam*, Rom. 6. 6.

Teach us our Luſts to mortify,
In virtue of thy precious Death:
That while to Sin all dead we lie,
Thou maiſt infuſe thy Heav'nly breath.

To Righteouſneſs our Spirits raiſe,
And quick'n us with thy Life and Love;
That we may walk here to thy Praiſe,
And after live in Heav'n above.

Grant we in Glory may appear,
Clad with our *Reſurrection Veſt*,
When thou ſhalt lead thy flock moſt dear
Up to the Manſions of the Bleſt.

AN

AN HYMN

Upon CHRIST's Aſcenſion.

GOD is aſcended up on high
With merry noiſe of Trumpet's ſound,
And Princely ſeated in the Sky,
Rules over all the World around. The Hiſtorical Narration.

The Tabernacle did of old
His Preſence to the *Jews* reſtrain:
But after in our Fleſh enfold,
A larger Empire he did gain.

For ſuffering in Humane Fleſh
For all, He rich Redemption wrought,
And will with laſting Life refreſh
His Heritage ſo dearly bought.

Sing Praiſes then, ſing Praiſes loud
Unto our Univerſal King:
* He who aſcended on a Cloud,
To him all Laud and Praiſes ſing. * *Acts* 1. 9.

Captivity he Captive led,
Triumphing o're the Powers of Hell,
And ſtruck their Eyes with Glory dread
Who in the Airy Regions dwell.

In Humane Fleſh and Shape he went,
Adorned with his Paſſion Scars;
Which in Heaven's ſight he did preſent
More glorious than the glittering Stars.

O happy Pledge of Pardon ſure,
And of an endleſs bliſsful State, The Application to the

Since

Improvement of Life.

Since Humane Nature once made pure
For Heav'n becomes so fit a Mate!

Lord raise our sinking Minds therefore
Up to our proper Country dear,
And purify us evermore,
To fit us for those Regions clear.

Let our Converse be still above,
Where *Christ* at thy right hand doth sit;
And quench in us all worldly Love,
That with thy self our Souls may knit.

Make us all Earthly things despise,
And freely part with this World's good,
That we may win that Heav'nly prize
Which *Christ* has purchas'd with his Blood

That when he shall return again
In * Clouds of Glory as he went,
Our Souls no foulness may retain,
But be found pure and Innocent.

* *Acts* 1. 11.

And so may mount to his bright Hosts
On Eagle's wings up to the Sky,
And be conducted to the Coasts
Of everlasting Bliss and Joy.

AN HYMN

Upon the Descent of the Holy Ghost at the Day of Pentecost.

The Narration

WHEN *Christ* his Body up had born
To Heav'n, from his Disciples sight
The

Then they like Orphans all forlorn
Spent their ſad Days in mournful plight.

But he aſcended up on high,
More Sacred Gifts for to receive.
And freely ſhow'r them from the Sky
On thoſe which he behind did leave.

He for the Preſence of his Fleſh
To them the Holy Spirit imparts,
And doth with living Springs refreſh
Their thirſty Souls and fainting Hearts.

While with one Mind and in one place
Devoutly they themſelves retire,
In ruſhing Wind the promiſs'd Grace
Deſcends, and cloven Tongues of Fire.

The Houſe th' Almighty's Spirit fills,
Which doth the Feeble Fabrick ſhake; Acts 2.
But on their Tongue ſuch power inſtils,
That makes the amazed Hearer quake.

The Spirit of Holy Zeal and Love, The Applica-
And of diſcerning, give us, Lord; tion.
The Spirit of Power from above,
Of Unity and good Accord:

The Spirit of convincing Speech,
Such as will every Conſcience ſmite,
And to the Heart of each Man reach, Acts 2. 37.
And Sin and Error put to flight:

The Spirit of refining Fire,
Searching the inmoſt of the Mind,
To purge all foul and fell deſire,
And kindle Life more pure and kind. The

The Spirit of Faith in this thy Day
Of Power against the force of Sin,
That through this Faith we ever may
Against our Lusts the Conquests win.

Pour down thy Spirit of inward Life,
Which in our Hearts thy Laws may write
That without any pain or strife
We naturally may do what's right.

On all the Earth thy Spirit pour,
In Righteousness it to renew:
That Satan's Kingdom 't may o'repow'r
And to *Christ's* Sceptre all subdue.

Like mighty Wind or Torrent fierce,
Let it Withstanders all o'rerun,
And every wicked Law reverse,
That Faith and Love may make all one.

Let Peace and Joy in each place spring,
And Righteousness, the Spirit's fruits,
With Meekness, Friendship, and each thing
That with the Christian Spirit suits.

Grant this, O holy God and true,
Who th' Ancient Prophets didst inspire:
Haste to perform thy Promise due,
As all thy servants thee desire.

AN HYMN

Upon the Creation *of the World.*

WHen God the Firſt Foundations laid — The Narration
Of the well-framed Univerſe,
And through the darkſome Chaos ray'd,
The Angels did his Praiſe rehearſe.

The Sons of God then ſweetly ſung, — *Job* 38. 7.
At firſt appearance of his Light,
When the Creation Morning ſprung
To deck the World with Beauty bright.

Within ſix Days he finiſh'd all
Whatere Heaven, Earth, or Sea contain,
And ſanctify'd the Seventh withall,
To celebrate his Holy Name.

Then with the Sons of God let's ſing
Our bountiful Creator's Praiſe,
Who out of nothing all did bring,
And by his Word the World did raiſe.

O Holy God, how wonderful
Art thou in all thy Works of might,
Aſtoniſhing our ſenſes dull
With what thou daily bring'ſt in ſight!

The fit Returns of Night and Day,
The grateful Seaſons of the Year,
Which conſtantly Man's pains repay
With wholeſome Fruit his Heart to chear.

The ſhape and number of the Stars,
The Moon's ſet courſe thou doſt define,

And

And Matter's wild distracting Jars
Composest by thy Word Divine.

The Parts of th' Earth thou holdest clos
Together by this sweet Constraint:
Thou round'st the Drops that do disclos
The Rainbow in his glorious Paint.

Thy Clouds drop fatness on the Earth,
Thou mak'st the Grass and Flow'rs to spring
Thou cloth'st the woods, wherein with mirth
The chearful Birds do sit and sing.

Thou fill'st the Fields with Beasts and Sheep
Thy Rivers run along the Plains:
With scaly Fish thou stor'st the Deep,
Thy Bounty all the World maintains.

The Application. All these and all things else th' hast made
Subject to Man by thy Decree;
That thou by Man migh'st be obey'd,
As duly subject unto thee.

Wherefore, O Lord, in us create
Clean Hearts, and a right Spirit renew:
That we regaining that just state
May ever pay thee what is due.

That as we wholly from thee are,
Both Gifts of Mind and Body's Frame;
So by them both we may declare
The Glory of thy Holy Name.

AN HYMN

Upon the Redemption *of the World through* CHRIST *in his Reintroduction of the New Creature.*

THE Lord both Heav'n and Earth hath made, The Narration.
His Word did all things frame,
And Laws to every Creature gave,
Who ſtill obſerve the ſame.
The faithful Sun doth ſtill return
The Seaſons of the Year,
And at juſt times the various Moon
Now round, now horn'd appears.

The Plants retain their Virtue ſtill,
Their Verdure and their Form:
Nor do the Birds or Beaſts their guize
Once change, or ſhape transform.
'Tis only Man, alas! that brake
Betimes thy ſacred Law,
And from that Image Heav'nly, pure,
To Beaſtly ſhape did grow.

He headſtrong left thy Holy Will,
His own Luſts to purſue;
Whence the true Manly Form did fail,
And Brutiſhneſs enſue.
But thou, O God, who by thy Word
Didſt frame all things of Nought,
By the ſame Word made Fleſh, for Man
Haſt rich Redemption wrought.

Thy choice Creation-piece thus marr'd,
Thou doſt again create, And

And by th' incarnate Word restor'st
Unto his pristine state.
The Glory of which Work raying forth,
Whiles *Christ* from Death doth rise,
These Two Creations, one Seventh Day
By right doth solemnize.

The Application. God, who commanded first the Light
Out of the dark to shine,
2 *Cor.* 4. 6. Enliven and enlight our Hearts
By his pure Word Divine:
That when this New-Creation Work
In us is finish'd clear,
The bright and glorious Face of *Christ*
May in our Souls appear.

That we thus once redeem'd from Sin,
† *Heb.* 4. 10. † From our own works may cease,
And rest in God's eternal Love,
The Spirit's Joy and Peace;
And quit from this Earth's Toil at last
May sing among the Blest
In that long-lasting Sabbath-Day,
That Jubilee of Rest.

Amen

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